

## HIS PHOTOGRAPH

(Dark, good-looking, young man discovered before the mirror in the dressing room off his downtown office. He is in the act of carefully tying his cravat.)

"What fool things a man will do! Why the dickens did I promise Mabel that I'd have my picture taken for her? Of course I'd do anything to please her—but if I'd only thought a minute I'd never have said I would."

Tying His Cravat. But she has such a way—

"Confound this tie! I don't believe a red tie will take well anyhow. It'll turn black or green or something. Lucky I have another one down here. My hair looks odd to-day. I can't make it lie smoothly—think I'll have to apply water. That's better. Of course it never is smooth ordinarily, but I want it to look right for the picture. If you're going to have a thing done, have it done well. Does this coat wrinkle across the shoulders, or do I imagine—

"Jimmy, drop that dime novel and take a look here. See a wrinkle? No?"



"I Don't Want a Locket Picture."

Well, anyhow, I don't suppose the back of my coat will show.

"Miss Typelets—beg pardon a minute. Do you happen to know if a blue necktie takes well in a picture? Blue turns white, you say? Well, this is a dark blue, so it will be a dark sort of white and—well, I guess I'll put the red one back on. That's a peach of a twist I've got on it—no, I can't answer the telephone!"

"I expect my hat will get my hair all roughed up before I get over there. I feel like a fool. Why should a man feel like a fool just because he's to have his picture taken? It's nothing to be ashamed of! That was Smith I just met and I'd like to know why he grinned at me in that offensive way! Even if he knew I was on my way to the photographer's he had no right—

"Gee! I hope the place won't be full of women and girls. Only two and they're just going. My, but that's a stage beauty at the desk all right! And she doesn't seem smitten dumb with amazement at seeing a mere man have some pictures taken. Oh, I don't know. What style ought I to have? No, I don't want them as large as that. Most of my friends live in flats and I really couldn't expect them to move out all the furniture just to give my face room. No, I don't want a locket picture—she has one of those already—I mean—that is—

"Aren't those bitumens stunning? Oh, carbons, are they? Well, I knew it was hard or soft coal of some sort."

"Don't you people keep this studio too warm? Yes, it seems horribly hot to me. Those are twelve a dozen and those 18! Now, there's a fine photo—that man in the carved chair with his head resting on one hand. Er—it isn't quite my style, you think? All right—I suppose you know. You think this style best for me. Eighteen? All right. Now for it."

"My hair looks so queer, somehow. Not at all as it generally does. It has a plastered look, but then I can't get it smooth and have it look any other way. I kind of wish I'd worn the blue tie after all. Why doesn't the chief executioner hurry up? Oh, there he comes, with that gentle, comforting smile surgeons and trained nurses wear when they are getting ready to introduce several brands of agony into your system. Well, I'm in for it. Yes, I'm next—bring on your chloroform. Yes, it's a lovely day."

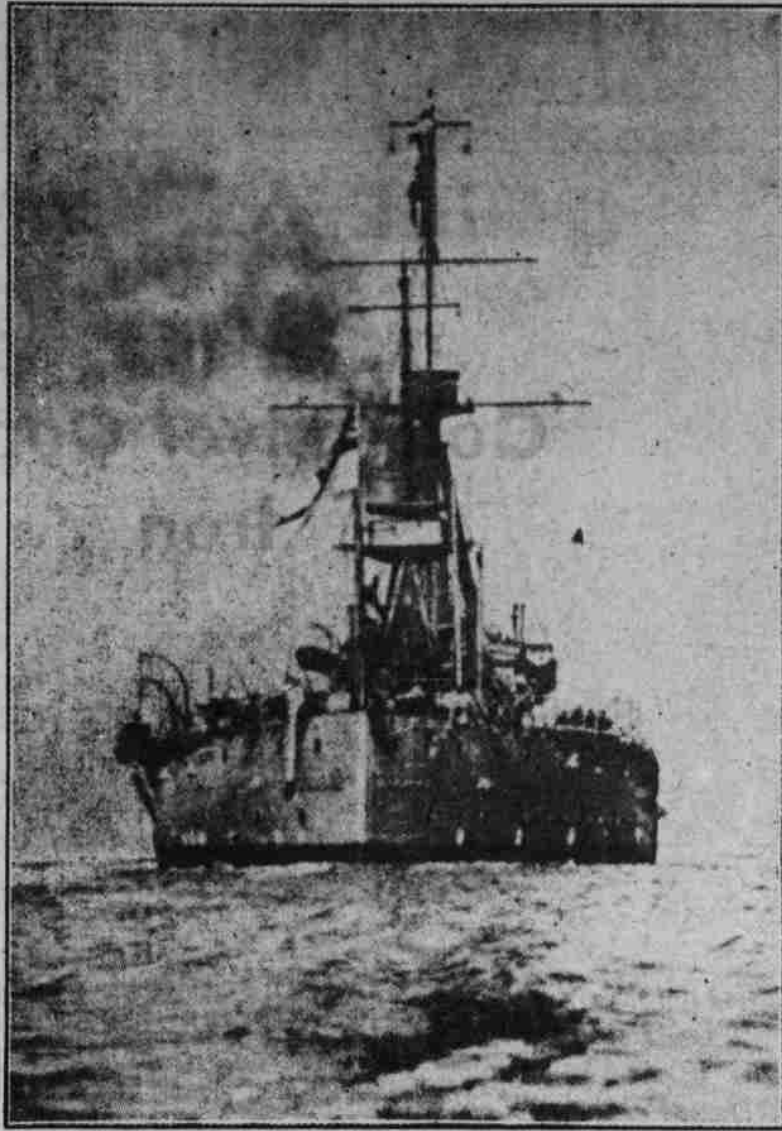
"Oh, you fix me any way you want to. I haven't any choice. I don't suppose a chair with my head resting on one hand—oh, no, I'm not set on it; I just happened to mention it."

"How's that? You're rather hard to suit. Just take it anyway. I feel as if I were in a dentist's chair."

"All over? Thank the fates! I never thought to ask him if that wrinkle in the back of my coat showed after all! I hope Mabel will be satisfied."

"My, it's good to get out in the open air again! I feel as sneaking as if I had been curling my hair and powdering my face. It'll be the last I ever have taken. Wish I'd worn my other tie!"—Chicago Daily News.

## British Battleship Dreadnought.



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## HITS MARK FROM AFAR

### NEW HONOR TO ROOSEVELT AS LONG-DISTANCE SHOT.

President Stands in Washington and Makes a Fine Rifle Score in the Opening Event for Marksmen in Charleston, S. C.

Charleston, S. C.—President Roosevelt may congratulate himself on being the champion long-distance rifle shot of the world. Standing in Washington, he shot a rifle three times and hit a target each time in this city, more than 450 miles away. While he did not make a bull's-eye, he yet managed to get within the 24 circle twice and the 21 circle once, and so scored 69 out of a possible score of 75, a very creditable performance for a person who shoots only between sessions of congress, international incidents and other big and engrossing things.

The occasion of the target practice of Mr. Roosevelt was the opening of the fifth triennial schuetzenfest of the National Schuetzen Bund of America, in Charleston. It was the wish of the riflemen to have Mr. Roosevelt there in person, so that they could show him that a rifle could speak as well in German as in rough rider. As he was busy in Washington, the president could not oblige, but he wanted to shoot, and did so.

Here the secret must come out. Mr. Roosevelt did not use the White House as his shooting gallery, despite the strenuous reports that sometimes find their way past Pete, the bulldog. Strategy was used, and Lieut. W. Melton Farrow was the strategist. It must be confessed that Lieut. Farrow aimed the gun, but President Roosevelt shot it off, and the record is his.

Lieut. Farrow brought a 22-caliber rifle made by him several years ago, and after three weeks' work adjusted it on a pedestal on which it could be held for shooting at the target. Attached to it was a magnetic contrivance, which, by the completion of an electric circuit, pulled a delicate hair trigger and did the shooting. The button to complete the circuit was in the White House.

But the bare pleasure of pressing the button was not all that the president was to have for his part in the performance. Near the rifle was rigged a big telephone receiver, and when Mr. Roosevelt made his shots he was able to hear the welcome crack of the rifle.

Gov. Ansel then conveyed to the president the congratulations of the National Schuetzen Bund and its guests on the excellent score he had made and the thanks of them all for opening the fest. The band played "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and there was a great salvo of cheers. The president said that he could hear the cheering and the music very distinctly, and he was sure that everybody was having a jolly time, and he would like to be with them.

### Substitute for Beeswax.

A substitute for beeswax has been discovered in the leaves of the raff palm, a product of the island of Madagascar. The wax is extracted by the simple process of beating the dried leaves on a mat to small bits. The particles are then gathered and boiled. The resultant wax is kneaded into small cakes. Experiments are being made with the new substance to find out its commercial value—whether it may be used for bottling purposes, in the manufacture of phonograph cylinders, etc.

### BERLIN POSTAL TUBES.

Connect the Central Office with the Principal Stations.

Berlin.—The Berlin postal authorities are revolutionizing the conveyance of letters and parcels.

The idea on which they are experimenting is to have an underground tube with a large enough circumference to admit a man in a stooping posture. These tubes are to connect the central post office with the principal stations and with the district offices.

Two sets of rails are built in this tube or tunnel, one over the other, not side by side. The upper set of rails is supported on the sides of the tube, thus practically dividing it in two. Small carriages, running on two wheels, are automatically driven by electricity along these rails.

No locomotive is used nor is there any attendant with the carriage. As many as six of these carriages can be run together for conveying letters and parcels from the arrival station to the central post office and thence to the various district, or vice versa.

By this means letters can be delivered in any part of the city in less than a fourth of the time formerly required. So far the scheme is not beyond the experimental stages, but it promises to be a success and to banish from the streets the mail van, with all its poetry and romance.

### PICTURES WARN WORLD'S END.

Whole Maryland Community Excited Over Strange Phenomenon.

Hancock, Md.—Intense excitement prevails here, and many persons are preparing for the end of the world, as the result of a series of remarkable pictures representing scenes that look like heaven and hell that have appeared on the walls of a room in the house of Emory Lopp, in Morgan county, West Virginia, two miles from here.

Some persons who have viewed the pictures say that no human hand could have placed them there.

The whole neighborhood is aroused over the strange affair, and crowds of people are visiting the house. The superstitious believe that the pictures foretell some catastrophe, probably the end of the world.

The pictures appear in distinct outline on the four walls, showing pits of flame and demons, while others show angels and beautiful scenes, supposed to be heaven.

Lopp is at a loss to understand the mystery, and has abandoned his home. A thorough investigation of the matter will be made by skeptical persons.

### SCIENTISTS VICTIMS OF A HOAX.

Discovery of Antiquities on Island Is Found to Be a Fake.

Paris.—That the practice of "salt ing" claims is becoming quite Europeanized is fully shown by a hoaxing of the grave Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Last August Dr. Capitan read a learned paper on the discovery of Egyptian antiquities on a small island off Marseilles. Discussion promptly followed, in which new theories of the history of civilization were constructed on the discovery which seemed on the way to becoming epoch-making until the other day, when Dr. Capitan read a second paper, apologetic and explanatory. An old man living in the island on whose property the antiquities were found fell very ill and confessed he had bought the objects from a Marseilles curio dealer and had strewn them on his property in hope it would be purchased for excavations.

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